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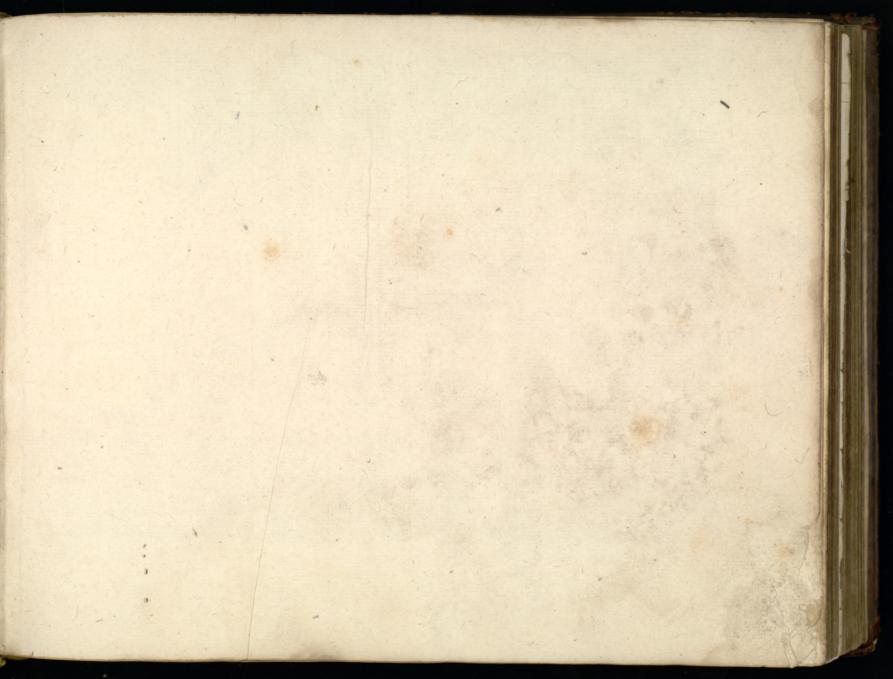
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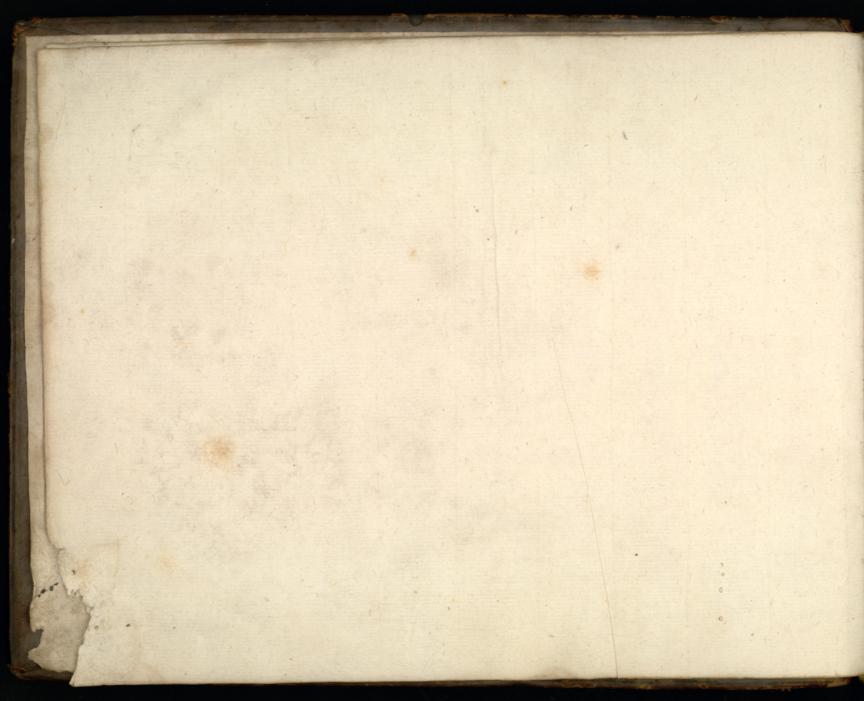
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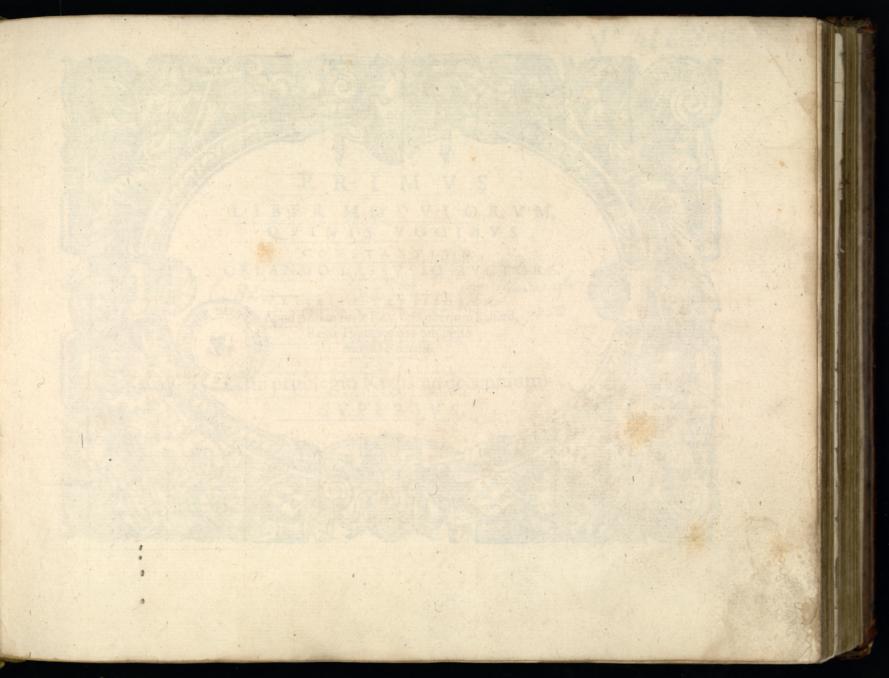
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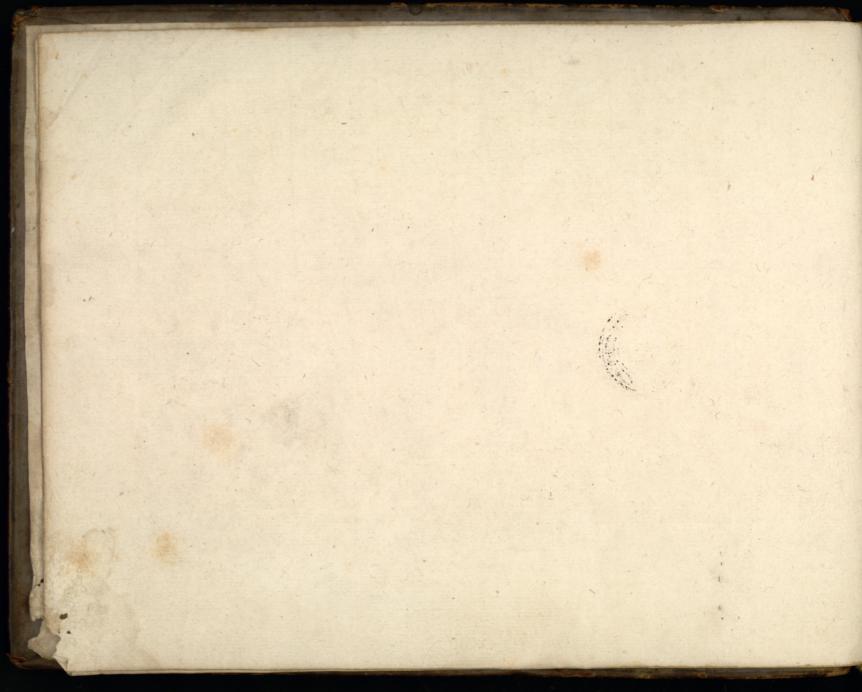
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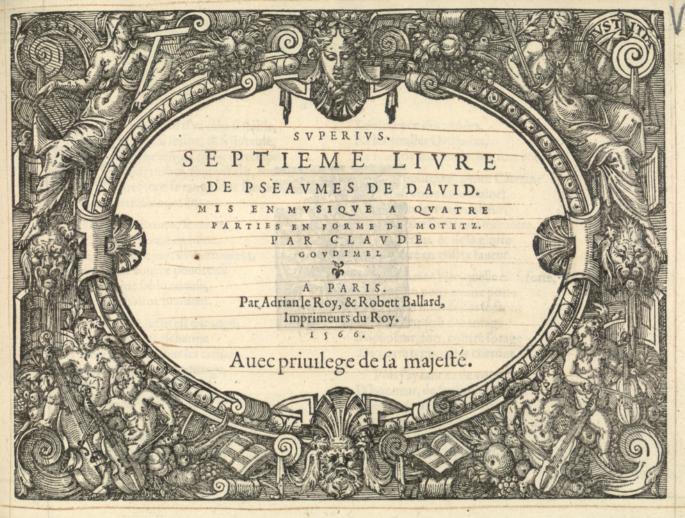




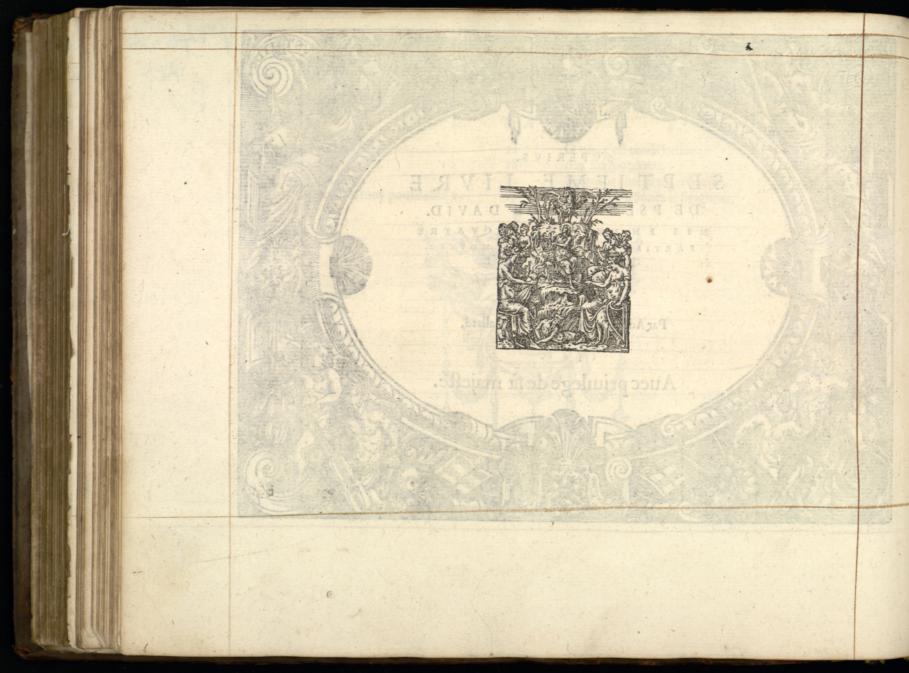








PRES PRES



CATERINE SENNETON

CLAVDE GOVDIMEL.

D E.



* V monde il n'ya rien si stable, Si fort, si ferme, & si durable, Qui ne sente l'effort du temps: Tout meurt, tout vieillit, tout se passe, Breftout se range sous Paudace,

Et sous la contrainte des ans.

L'acier, & le Bronze se mine Les marbres tombent en ruine, Mesme noz beaux jours vont roulant, Comme d'une cource poudreuse Dessus la plaine sablonneuse, Galoppe vn chariot branlant.

Le peu durer ne m'est estrange, Ie voi le journallier eschange Des choses qui sont sous les cieux: Ie voi mesme que mon ouurage, S'oublie aussi tost que simage D'un songe, qui trompe noz yeux.

Sans plus les vertus immortelles Ne meurent point, car ce sont elles Qui viuent, & durent tousjours:

La violence des années, Ni les fatalles Destinées, Ne sçauroyent empescher leur cours.

C'est pourquoy gente Caterine I'ay choisi votre ame diuine, Affin d'honorer mon labeur, Empruntant l'heureuse memoire De voz vertus, & de la gloire Que j'espere en vostre faueur.

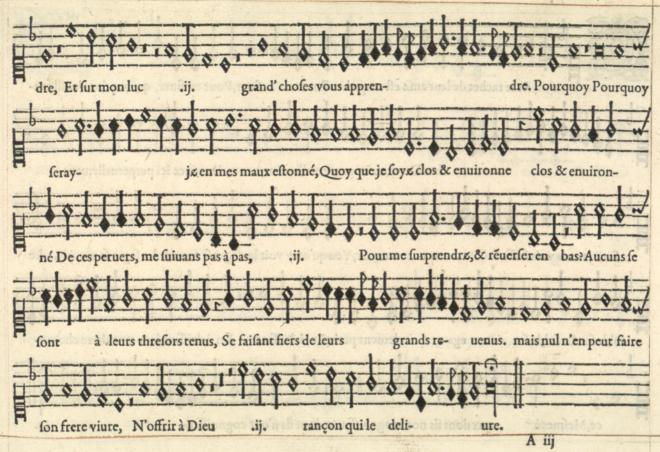
M'asseurant bien quelle est si forte, Que si mon petit œuure porte Votre beau nom dessus le front Il viura cent fois dauantage S'opposant, fort, contre l'orage De notre tems, qui le corront.

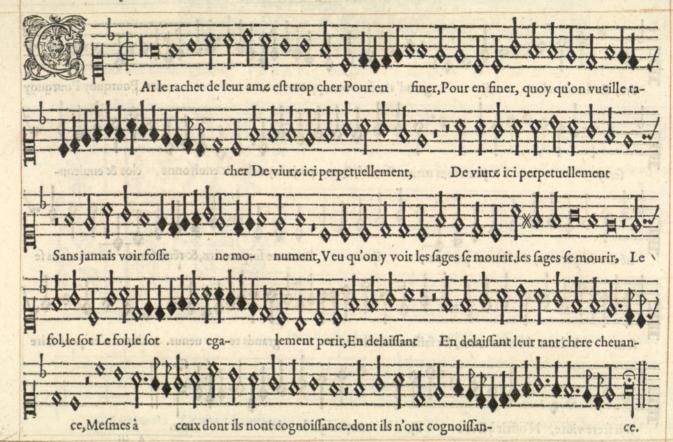
Puis j'ay tant eu de votre race, D'honneur, de faueur, & de grace, Q'ingrat je ne veux deuenir, Remarquant cette courtoisie Du labeur de mon industrie, Par vn immortel fouuenir.

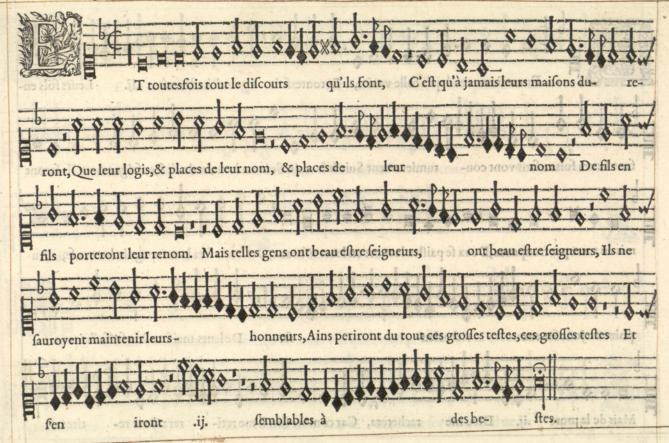


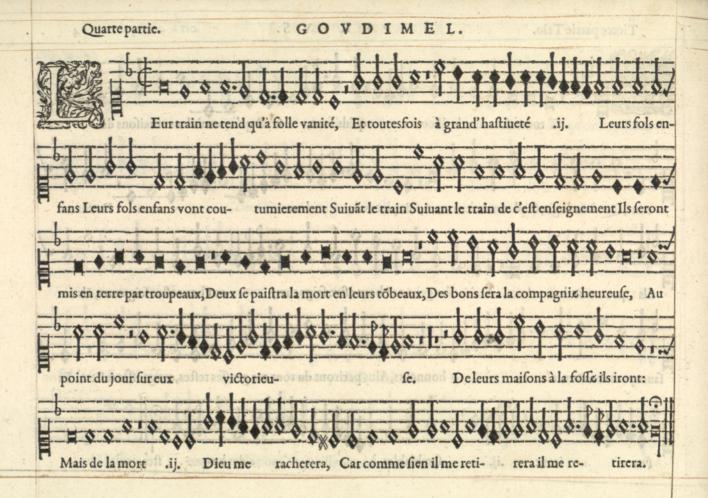
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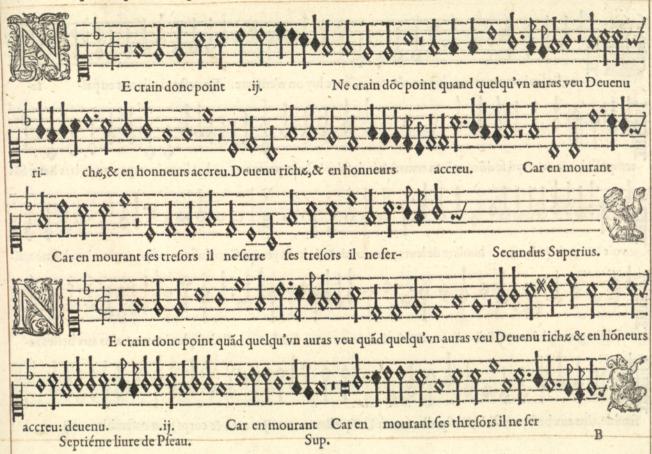






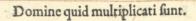










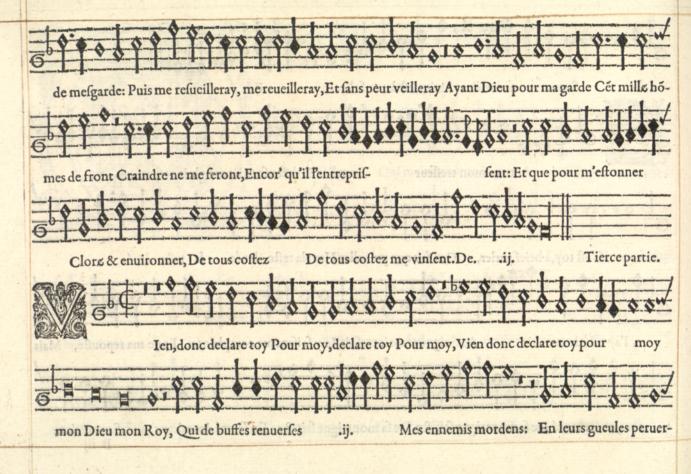


GOVDIMEL.



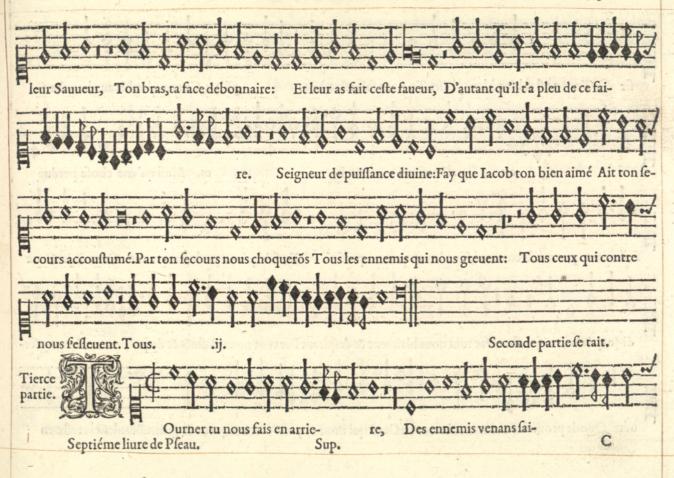
uent! Certes plusieurs j'en voy, plusieurs j'en voy Qui vont disant de moy Qui vont disant de moy Sa force est abo-

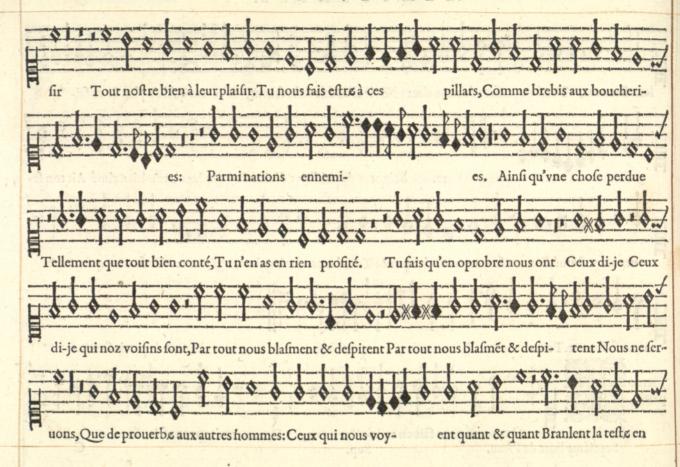


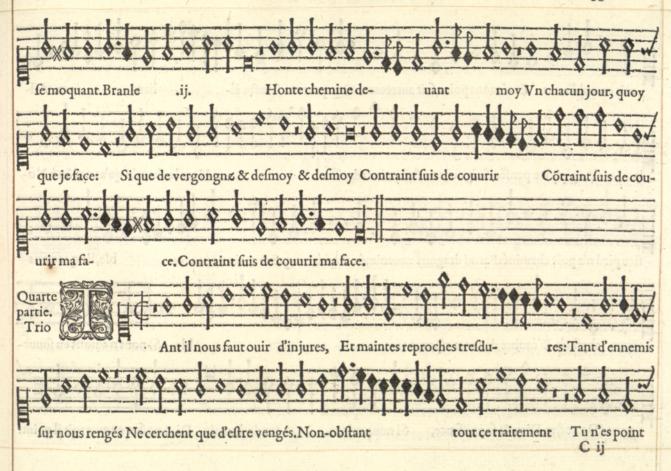






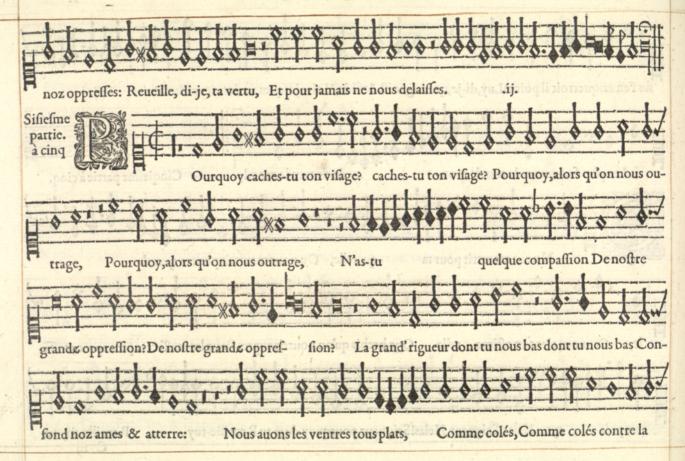






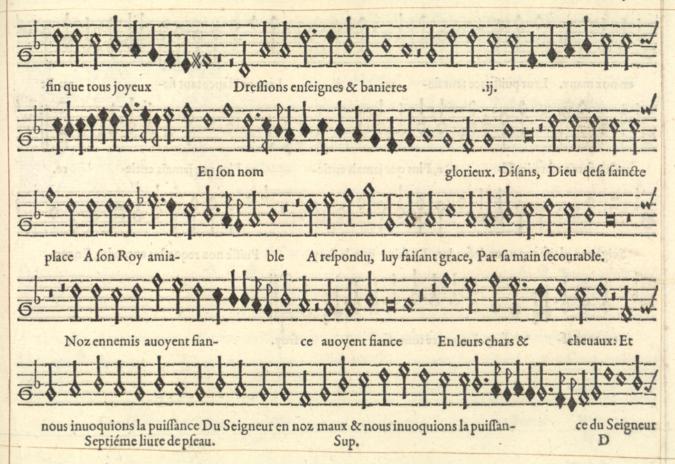






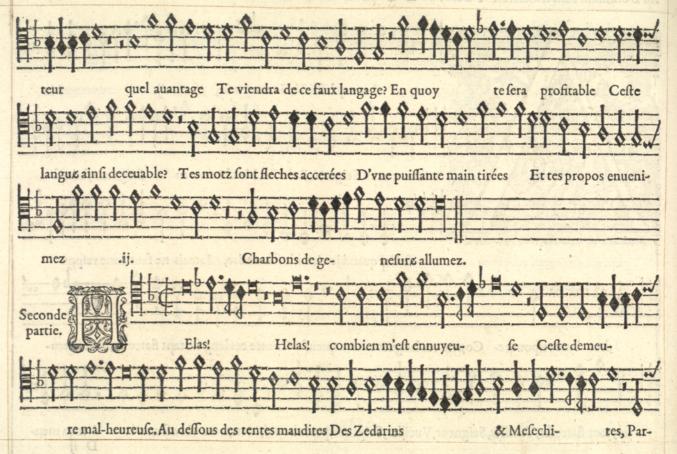








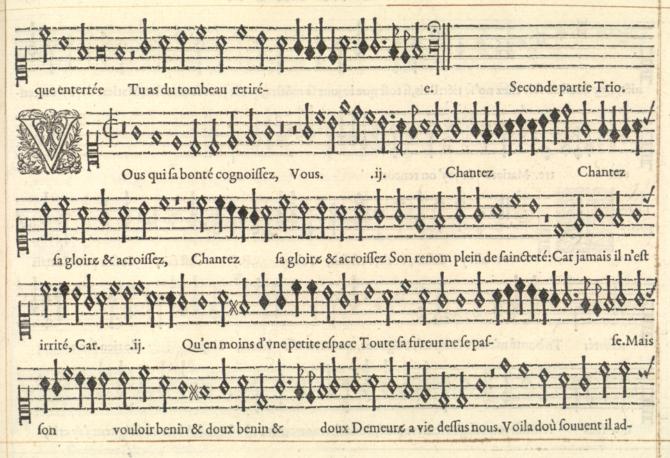


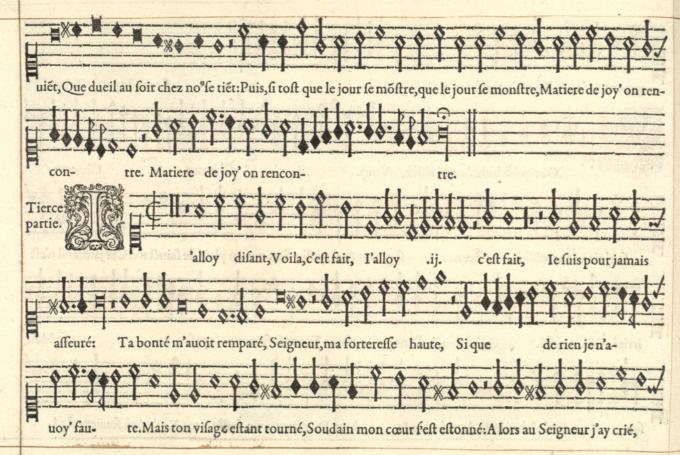




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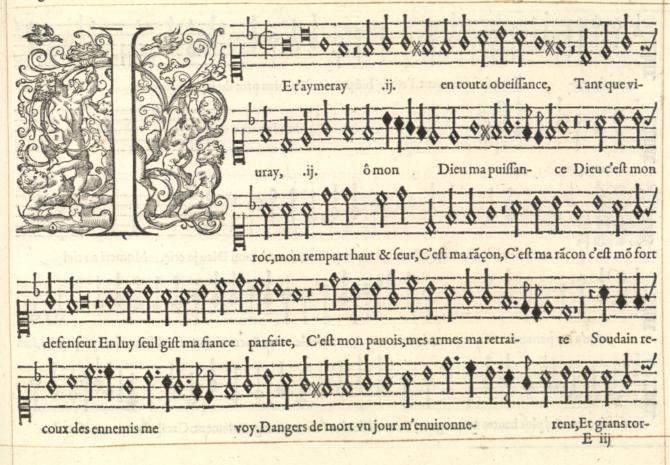




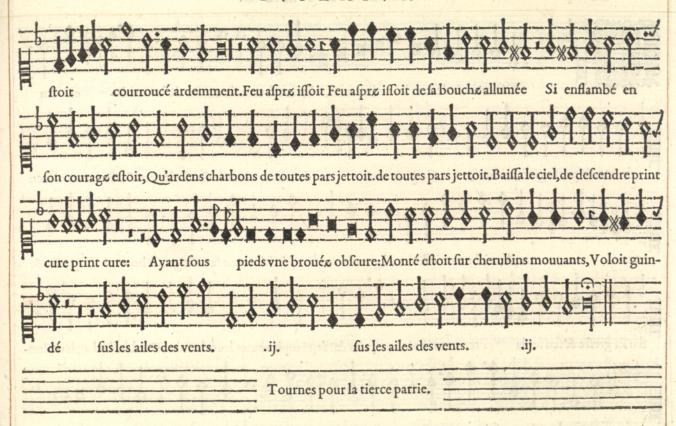
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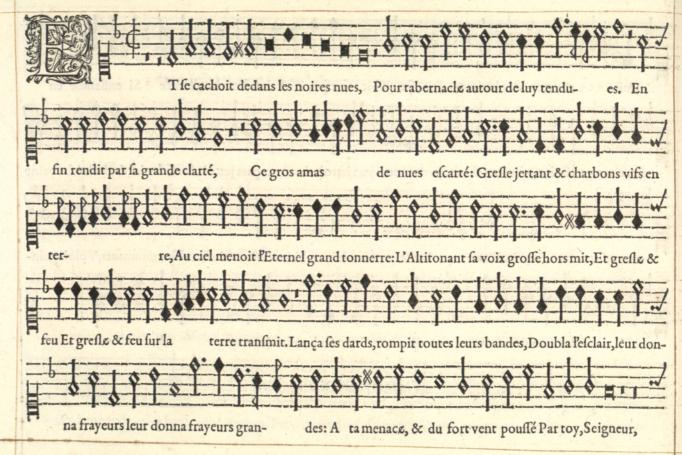






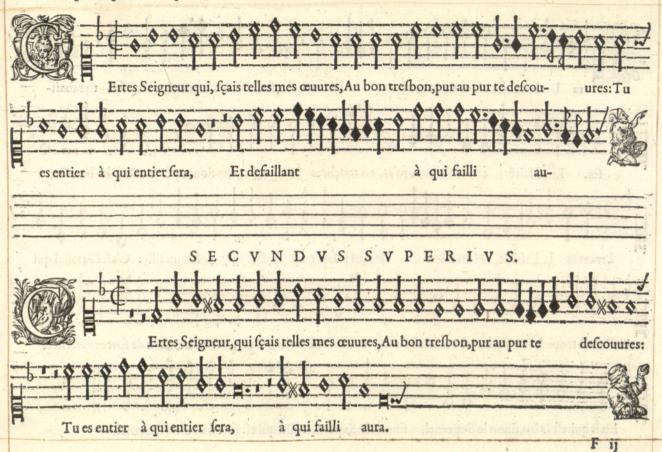


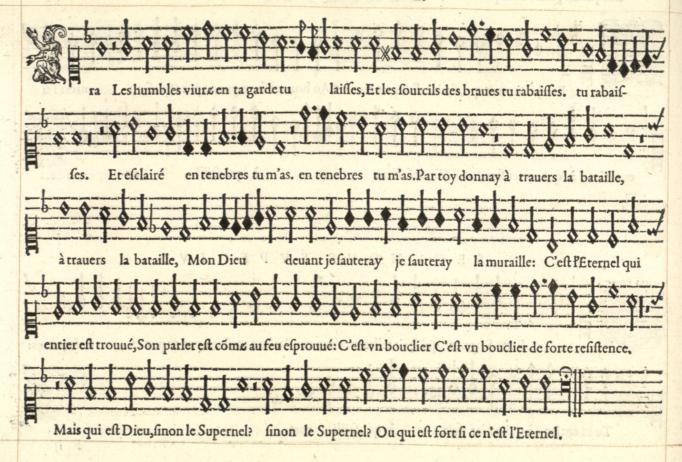


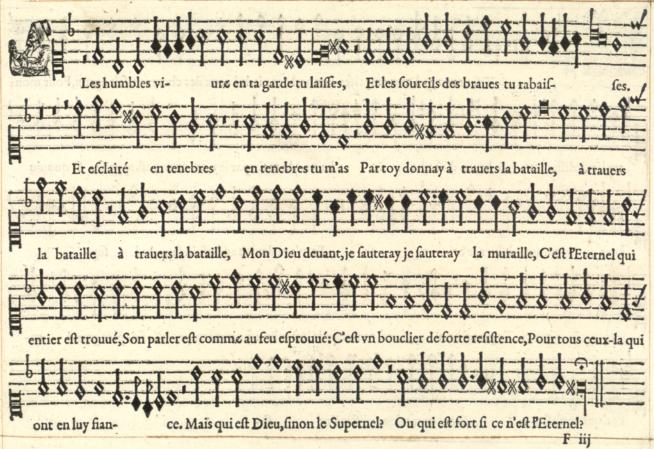




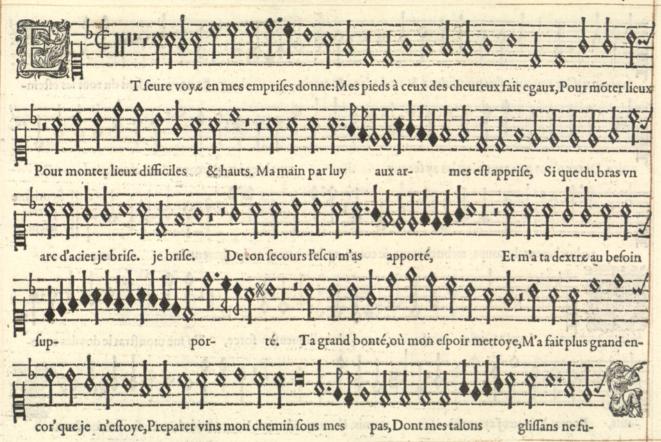




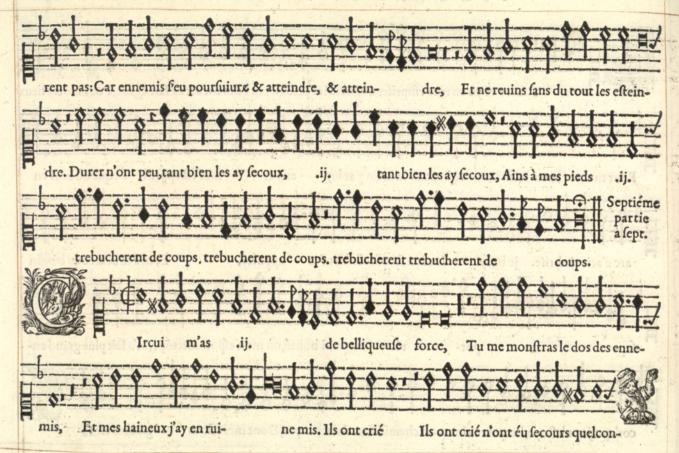


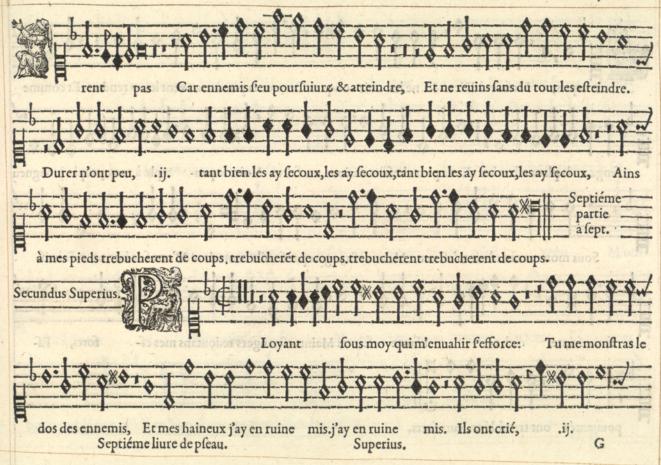


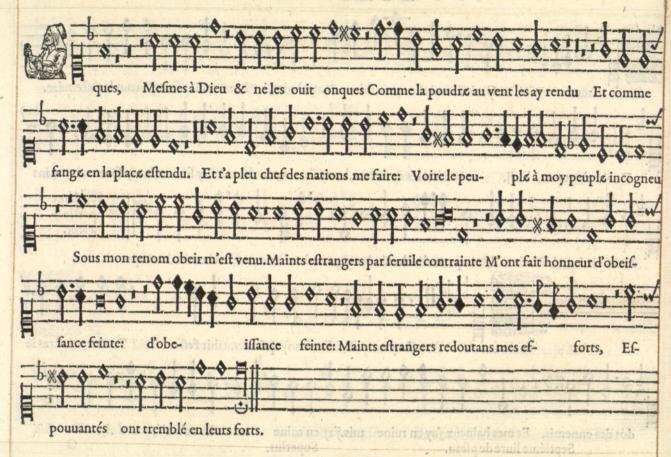




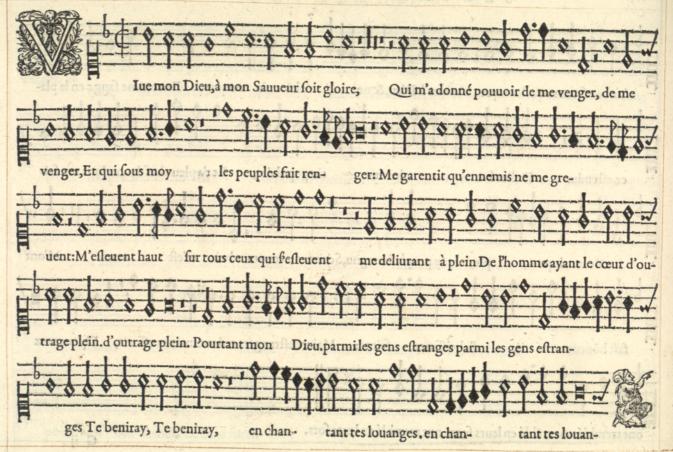
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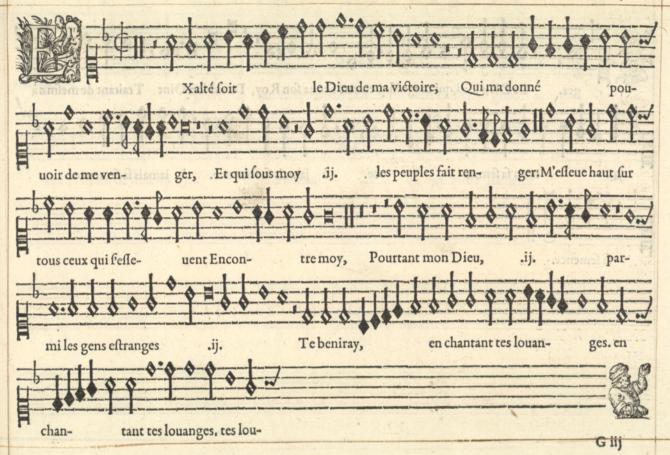








TABLE.

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O Seigneur que de gens.	11	6		
Or auons nous de noz oreilles.			3	
Peuples oyez & l'aureille prestez.	maistate	- 2	e melms a	ce: Transmid
Seigneur puis que ma retiré.		19	1	
Seigneur je nay point le cœur fier.		18	3	



